The Life and Death

It issues from ye rancour of a villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traytor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Upon this overweening Traitors foot,
To prove myself a loyall Gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosome.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assigne our tryall day.

King: Wrath kindled Gentlemen be ye bynne,
Lets purge this choller without letting blood.
This we prescribe, though no Physitian
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision:
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun
We'l calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your son.

Gaunt: To be a make peace shall become my age.
Throw downe (my son) the Duke of Norfolke's gage.

King: And Norfolke, throw down his.

Gaunt. When Harry when obedience bids, I should not grieve.

King. Norfolke throw down.

Nor: Myselfe I throw (dreadful Soveraigne)
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes, but my fame
Despight of death that lives upon my grave
To darke dishonour use thy shame and hate.

(End of 5.th page)

I am disgraced, impeached and stabbed
Pierced to the Soule with slander's venome spite
The which no balme can cure but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE Richard II (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19